A

TRUE COPY OF TWO SPEECHES,

SPOKEN

By Two *ORPHANS*,

Educated in

CHRIST-HOSPITAL,

On the 13th day of *Auguſt*, 1663.

BEING

A day ſet apart to commemorate God's Mercies beſtowed on their *fellow-Brethren*, who were formerly Educated and brought up in the ſaid *HOSPITAL*.

LONDON,
Printed by *WILLIAM GODBID*,
M. DC. LXIII.

FRUIT GOD'S

OF THE

SPECTACLES,

OR

By Two ORPHANS,

Educated in

CHRIST-HOSPITAL,

On the 15th day of August, 1665.

BEING

A day set apart to commemorate God's Mercies bestowed on their Benefactors, who were formerly Educated and brought up in the said

HOSPITAL.

Printed by WILLIAM GODBID,
M DC LXV.

The first SPEECH.

Reverend Brethren and quondam *Fellow-Orphans* ;

THere is I confeſs a great diſparity between you, that are our Seniours, and us, who are as it were but of yeſterday. You have formerly been planted in this Soyle, and now grown up to be tall *Cedars*, *Stars* of a higher magnitude than we, whoſe ſplendor and luſtre do beſpeak you to be conſpicuous ; yet we hope you will give us leave to feed our Eyes in beholding ſo lovely a ſight as appears in this place this day, and to congratulate you in this dayes Solemnity.

I am deſired in the Name of my Fellow-Orphans, who daily ſuck at the breaſts of Charity, to tell you how proud ſhe is to ſee ſo numerous an Off-ſpring, and ſo loving a Fraternity to aſſociate themſelves within her Habitation. And why ſhould not we, who are her Foſter-children, that have *communem cutem* with you, though not *communem veſtem*, count our ſelves honoured, that we have ſuch Worthy, Grave and Venerable perſons for our Elder Brethren ? It makes our hearts leap for joy within us, that after all our diſmal Conflagrations and State-convulſions, we may this day behold the faces of our Brethren, whom we fea-

red had been ſwallowed up in thoſe bloody waves, which ſwell'd lately beyond their chanel. But bleſſed be our God, that ſecured you in this *Ark*, and preſerved you in this *Zoar*, till the floods of blood were abated, and the fire of our contentions was quenched.

You are now exempted from your fears and dangers, and have the happineſs this day to meet together, and commemorate thoſe great mercies and favours that God in this place prepared for you. It is, and often hath been, the practice of great Perſons, whom God hath raiſed even from the duſt, to frequent thoſe places where at firſt they had their beings. *Agathocles*, though advanced to a Throne, yet could delight to ſee thoſe Pots amongſt which he once lay. And good reaſon indeed have you to be cloathed with the ſame humility, conſidering what once you were, and to what Eſtate many of you are advanced at this preſent. To your honour be it ſpoken, that you have ſet apart this day to publiſh and proclaim God's mercy, *who remembred you in your low eſtates; for his mercies endure for ever*; and alſo to take a fuller view of this place, where for ſome years paſt, the bowels of moſt here preſent were refreſhed, your naked backs cloathed, and all neceſſaries ſo provided for you, that you, as well as we, forge now what want means: *Olim hæc meminiſſe juvabit.*

Time was, when you traced theſe Galleries, and thought your ſelves happy that a Table was

here

here spred for you. Time was, when you were under this *Oeconomie*, and counted it a favour that you could be admitted to sit under these Roofs: and still to this day the memory of these mercies is not obliterated. You do well therefore to prescribe an Annual Festival, that so this City and our honourable Patrons and worthy Benefactors may see how thankful you are, and how careful you will be to revive the thoughts and memory of their favour and beneficence.

Your mouths, I see, are filled with holy Doxologies, while your hearts ruminate on these mercies. Your Hallelujahs are not verbal, but cordial, while you do not only recollect those pristine favours which God bestowed, but also desire this day to praise him for your present condition. Your Arithmetick is not able to recount that Series of Providence that at this day attends you; nor can your Mathematical knowledge fathom the great Abyss of his divine love, nor take the altitude or dimension of his bounty. Your lot, while you were here, fell in a good place, and now also you have a goodly heritage.

Many of you may say with *Jacob*; *With my staff came I over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands; I am raised from the dust, and enjoy peace and plenty.*

Give me leave (dear Brethren) I beseech you, to affect the hearts of my fellow-Orphans with this rare Spectacle of divine mercy, and

viciſſitude of Divine Providence.

Draw near (my dear Hearts) and behold what a knot of Amity divine Love hath here tyed; what an honourable Convention of Brethren is here aſſembled, to bleſs the Lord this day for his paſt and preſent mercies conferred upon them. Theſe once were planted in this Garden, and now behold! being watered by the influence of Heaven, to what a height they have aſpired.

Here are ſome, whom God hath honoured to be *Animarum Proci*, and hath inveſted them with Eccleſiaſtical promotion. Here are others, whom God hath qualified and made uſeful for Political concernments. Some, whom God hath made to be a Sun, to give light to thoſe that ſit in darkneſs: and others, whom he hath placed in *Londons* Hemiſphere, like Stars, to be influential in their Orbs. Surely the Poet was miſtaken in his obſervation, when he did ſo boldly aſſert,

Non facilè emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi.——

Be incouraged (my fellow-Orphans:) The ſame hand that raiſed up theſe our worthy Brethren, can exalt us. Let us emulate their vertues, though not envy at their proſperity. Bleſſed be our God that hath raiſed up Nurſing Fathers for Us alſo, by whoſe care, and our wiſe circumſpection, we alſo may ſprout forth through God's mercy in vertuous atchievements.

Pardon

Pardon me (dear Brethren) that I have ſo long ſtopped the ſound of your grateful acknowledgements of God's preſent favours to you. You are now going to ſolace your ſelves in the enjoyment of Fraternal conference; and I know that you will admit no ungrateful Gueſt this day into your Society. You are of *Philip*'s mind King of *Macedon*; to brand him on the forehead with theſe two letters [I. H.] *Ingratus Hoſpes*, that ſhall be guilty of that Vice.

Your hearts, I ſee, are enlarged, nay ready to crack in ſunder, till you have vented your grateful acknowledgements and pious acclamations. Your fervent zeal boils over, while your thoughts are enflamed with divine meditation on God's grace and bounty.

Weighty Clouds, I ſee, muſt empty themſelves by diſtillation, and pay their tribute to the thirſty Earth. You do well this day, to diſplay the banners of God's mercy to all Spectators, and to ſet the Crown of all your enjoyments upon his head.

Go on (dear Brethren) and let this preſent Feſtival be crowned with love and harmony of affection, that you may be, as *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*, even one ſoul.

For ever may thoſe ſparks of Contention, that have ſet others into a flame of paſſion, be quite amongſt you extinguiſhed; that ſo this place and this meeting may juſtly challenge the name of *Philadelphia*, or *a Society of loving Brethren*.

Rejoyce

Rejoyce together; but, I beſeech you, let this dayes Solemnity hereafter be like a fruitful womb, to bring forth many bleſſings to this place, where once you had your ſuccour. You are thoſe ΠΤΩΧΟΠΑΙΔΟΤΣΙΟΙ, whom the Almighty hath ſhielded with the Helmet of his Providence, and now expects that you ſhould reach out your hand for the defence of ſuch as we, that are your younger Brethren. Let it appear that Charity hath ſuch an Off-ſpring, that are not only like the Tribe of *Gad* for number, but alſo like the Trees of *Lebanon* for ſhade and comfort to their fellow-Brethren.

In a word, let not your tongues only be tuning the praiſes of God, whilſt your hands are open and free for our Relief; but let your hearts alſo offer up the ſacrifice of Prayer, That God would bleſs our Gracious Sovereign, and our Noble Queen, with all the Royal Family; That he would watch over this great City, and cauſe that Peace and Plenty might unload themſelves in her Lap; That he would proſper this Foundation, and reward our Patrons and Benefactors, who ſo freely have ſcattered the ſeeds of their Charity in theſe furrows.

And let all Loyal hearts and grateful Orphans ſtand up, and ſay, *Amen, Amen.*

John Parker, Orphan.

The

The ſecond SPEECH.

Nay ſtay I beſeech you (Brethren) a little, and let not the joy of this Feſtival ſo tranſport you, as to forget to pay your tribute of Thankfulneſs unto theſe worthy Perſons, who have honoured this Society this day with their preſence.

RIght Worſhipful, I have heard that great Perſons have thoſe that are Maſters of the Ceremonies, to court their Gueſts with complemental ſalutations. Such I confeſs are wanting to this our Feſtival. But yet rather then ſuch worthy Perſons ſhall go unſaluted, I my ſelf (though but a poor Complementer) in the name of this Society, and at their command, will redouble our ſalutations, and bid you welcome.

We would not be ſingular in our grateful Retributions; but yet we have cauſe on this day to thank you eſpecially (Our Worſhipful Treaſurer) that you have ſhewed your ſelf ſuch a pattern of Chriſtian love and amity, to endeavour to kindle the ſame ſparks in the breaſts of theſe our Brethren, by promoting and encouraging them to this loving meeting.

Nor ſhall our thankful acknowledgments be this day confined within a narrow compaſs.

We have cauſe indeed (Right Worſhipful) highly to congratulate you, and pay our filial

all gratitude unto you, our Oeconomical Father and Noble Preſident, whoſe Head, Heart and Hands are all employed in promoting our Welfare.

And though (Sir *Thomas Viner*) perhaps it may be counted a Tautologie to reiterate our ſalutations; yet we had rather be ſo accuſed, than be ſilent in our return of thanks this day for your pious bounty towards us poor Orphans, and for that coſt that you have expended to make this place ſo beautiful. You have been the Repairer of our breaches, under whoſe *Vine* we poor Orphans have for ſome time ſat, and to this day do ſmell the fragrancy of your beneficence. What *Homer* ſtyled *Agamemnon*, Ποιμένα λαῶν; that appellation do you juſtly deſerve. You have been a bountiful Benefactor and loving Shepherd unto this little Flock, when they were under your Conduct, and folded them within theſe green and pleaſant Paſtures, which our Brethren ſee this day.

To your Honour be it ſpoken, that you have ſhew'n your ſelf ſo Noble a Preſident: and we hope many others will write after your Copy.

If works of Piety may commend a Patron, and liberal Charity and free Bounty extol a Benefactor; Then yours (dear Sir) which you have conferred upon this *Hoſpital*, and on this place, do beſpeak you to be Noble and Generous.

Our Brethren here preſent, as well as we, may

may say, *non, ut nunc, sic olim erat.* Our tatter'd Walls and smoky Roof are now so repaired by you, that, when Spectators see them, they say, you have made this place fit for the reception of the greatest Princes. And truly, that the worth and excellency of our bountiful Benefactors might not be blurred nor expunged, you have ingraved their Names in such legible Characters, that neither length of time nor envious fate is able to obliterate.

By you it is, that not only the Royal bounty of King *Edward*, who was our Founder, is commended to posterity; but his Person also as it were hath received a new Resurrection, being here attended with *England*'s Peers, and *London*'s Representatives, consulting how to lay a plot and model of true Piety. A lively and a costly draught indeed to represent *London*'s well-disposed Charity.

Here the wounds of the maimed are healed, and the impotent poor relieved: There the sturdy Vagrant corrected, and his hands taught to labour. And here also are the Thriftless Poor and Needy Orphans, whose Livery being almost thredbare and worn out, is now recruited (Noble Sir) we see, out of your own Wardrobe.

There both *Moses* and *Aaron*, the fit Representatives of Political and Ecclesiastical order, are prefigured. And that we might not forget our Christian duty, we have both *Law* and *Gospel* fairly transcribed in the Decalogue.

There

There ſits Charity yielding her full breaſts, and teacheth her Off-ſpring how to live by faith in the want of Creature-enjoyments, and to ancho their hope upon him who is the Rock of Ages.

Here our Windows, that were not only ſhat ter'd, but naked, are now glazed and adorne with the honourable Coats of Arms of our No ble Preſidents.

In a word (Noble Sir) there is no coſt ſpa red, nor any thing indeed wanting to make thi Hall truly beautiful, but your Effigies, and th repreſentation of the Noble Lady *Ramſie*, to ac company that of Sir *John Lemmonds*, once worthy Preſident and pious Benefactor to thi *Hoſpital*: all which, though we would not Ido lize, yet we would count them venerable.

Away, you foul-mouth'd *Atheiſts!* No longe queſtion the truth of Omnipotency, nor gainſay his Providence. Behold even Us, who are here preſent this day, who have been the Almightie care ever ſince we had our beings. We alone are able to convince you that there is a God, who ſits in Heaven, and ſteers all humane actions and concernments.

Away, you *Papiſts*, who boaſt of your Religious houſes, and think, that by your pretended works of Piety, you ſhall *ex condigno* jump into Heaven *per ſaltum*. Loe, here is a Model of well-diſpoſed Charity, which the God of mercy approves of, and which you are never able to parallel. But it is to you (Worthy Sir) whoſe hear

heart God hath enlarged, that we owe the thanks of these glorious objects which present themselves this day unto our view.

Go on, we beseech you, and by your example prompt others to works of true Piety; that they also, as well as you, may help to repair and uphold our Foundation-Walls, I mean our Cloysters, whose wide gaps thirst like the parched earth to be filled with the distillation of their liberality.

The great God remunerate (Right Worshipful) your acts of Piety; and grant, that you that have so freely cast your bread on these waters, may find it after many days: in the mean time, we poor Orphans will rise up, and call you blessed.

Thomas Brice, Orphan.

FINIS.

FINIS.